

Semi-Weekly Bourbon News.

Independent and Democratic—Published from the Happy Side of Life—for the Benefit of Those Now Having Breath in Their Bodies. Price, \$2.00 for One Year, or, \$2,000 for 1,000 Years—CASH!

VOL. II.

PARIS, BOURBON COUNTY, KENTUCKY: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1883.

NO. 170.

The Hart county fair is now going on.

OVERCOATS are dull sale on the market.

SOMETHING new coming—"Uncle Tom's Cabin Combination."

GIVE us liberty and a few more roads through Alderney Park.

THEOPHILUS NIX has opened a candy store in the hole in the wall next to Tucker's.

If Hoadley had been well, it's hard to tell what his majority would have been in Ohio.

WM. FUNK was killed in a saloon fight in Covington, by Joe Williams, Tuesday night.

THE Commercial Gazette extra edition concedes Hoadley's election by 6,000 to 8,000.

A LADY cannot fall to buy a cloak if she looks through W. H. Ingels & Co.'s large stock.

CRAFT lived to hear the news from Ohio, and was willing to go. He was a Republican.

LADIES, do not fail to examine W. H. Ingels & Co.'s velvets. They are selling them cheap.

Who will foot the taxes on the new short-route eye-sockets through our Court-house square?

BOB THOMAS has bought Tom Cunningham's interest in the Clark & Edwards livery stable.

ONLY about 35 ex-soldiers of Gen. Fry's old regiment met in reunion at Danville, Wednesday.

"KENTUCKY" was detained the second night in Lexington, and just suited those intense "hoss" people to a dot.

A. L. UNDERWOOD, a brakeman of the C. & O., got the life almost crushed out of him at Lexington while coupling cars.

GEORGE B. THOMAS and John Taylor have sold their interest in the Maysville Republican to Messrs. E. R. and C. C. Blaine.

THE Presbyterians are holding their Centennial at Harrodsburg this week. About three hundred ministers are present.

THE ex-military trial of Capt. Sam Rogers and son, for shooting Bill and Tom Rogers at the Licks, is now going on at Mt. Olivet.

Now, if lawyers McMillan, Brent, Myall and Lucas ask for a short route pavement to the Court-house door, let no man say nay!

EIGHTEEN passengers left here Wednesday on an excursion to the Louisville Exposition. The fare was only \$3 for the round trip.

MORGAN ought to have photographed the Court-house square before its beauty was ruined with those diagonal lazy man's routes.

A LITTLE son of A. T. McDonald, fell from a dray at Flemingsburg, and the wheel crushed it's arm so that amputation was necessary.

THE bankers assembled in convention Wednesday at Louisville. They adopted the same old robbing rates, took a drink and disbanded.

New gates are being put on the North and South sides of the Court-house square, and pavements are being laid leading diagonally to the front steps.

THE BUZZARD escaped from his cell in Lancaster county (Pa.) jail, and, locking the watchman in, released eleven of the worst prisoners in the jail.

THE man Fugitt, who shot and killed Anglin at the Eastern Kentucky Junction, in Grayson county, will probably be hanged by a mob to-day after Craft is hung.

THE "Maid of the Mist" ran the lower rapids of the Niagara yesterday afternoon. She remained in the whirlpool ten minutes. Ten thousand people were present.

THE printers of the Kentuckian office were not out on the house roof stealing peaches yesterday, and our devils couldn't steal a supple. Nothing in it, anyhow.

THE dreamy days of Indian Summer have settled down upon us, and the soft breezes that waft the falling leaves of autumn bear with them a balmy memory of spring.

AT Maysville, about 10 o'clock Saturday night, Barney Stockdale was shot five times by George Hancock. The shooting took place in a grocery store in the Fifth Ward.

THERE are twenty-five school districts in Fleming county without teachers. That's why the people out there balance their grist with a rock, and tote a flint to light their pipes.—[Vanceburg Courier.]

MRS. CHARLIE FOOTE desires to call attention of the ladies to her opening of millinery goods to-morrow. She has a rich and rare assortment of trimmed goods—something to dazzle the eyes of all.

THE handsome display of art needle work ever made in this city will be at Mrs. J. E. Paton's opening to-morrow and Monday. Every lady and gentleman who appreciates such art is invited to call.

W. H. INGELS & Co. will offer for two days only, 500 ladies' knit pants and vests at one third their actual value for cash. Ladies wishing underwear should not fail to avail themselves of this opportunity.

THE Mt. Olivet Democrat takes strong ground against Capt. S. G. Rogers as well as against the magistrates who continued his case for thirteen days, when the law does not allow them to continue such a case more than two days.

GREAT sympathy was expressed with Craft yesterday when he left for Grayson. It was generally thought here that Governor Knott would and ought at least to grant a respite until after Neal's trial next February.—[Lexington Press.]

A MEETING of the passenger agents of several roads were held at Louisville Wednesday and round-trip rates of 4 1/2 cents per mile to Florida, were agreed upon. This will save tourists about one-fourth fare over the old way, during the coming season.

At Georgetown, Geo. Hutchison was killed Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock by Humphrey Crittenden, both colored. Crittenden was drunk, and, meeting Hutchison, plunged a knife into his heart without any preliminaries. The cause was jealousy. Crittenden is in jail.

THE Richmond (Ind.) Daily Independent says of our Mrs. Hattie Hill, who's teaching at that place:

"We are glad to learn that the efforts of Mrs. Hill to establish a class in art are being crowned with success. Her pupils are increasing in numbers and all seem to be advancing very rapidly. She certainly possesses the gift of imparting her knowledge in a wonderful degree."

As newly adopted citizens, Cols. Hedges and Quisenberry are respectfully invited down town to help abuse those short-route lazy men's pavements through our Court-house square. In way of a luxury too, they will be permitted to indulge in a little talk on Ohio, and the winning "hoss" at Lexington.

AFTER entering the train, Craft remarked from the car window to Mr. Cassidy, of the Press: "Cassidy, during all my two years' confinement in jail I have never told you a lie." Some one from the crowd told Craft not to die with a lie on his lips, to which he replied: "Certainly will not."—[Lexington Advertiser.]

GOVERNOR KNOTT refused to grant the respite asked for in the case of Ellis Craft. He says he carefully examined every detail of the pleadings before him, and saw no good reason why the penalty of the law should not be carried out when two verdicts have been rendered against the prisoner and every precaution taken by the State to guarantee him a fair and impartial trial. The execution will take place to-day at 12 o'clock.

AT 12:30 to-day Ellis Craft will know more of the misty future than all of the theologians and scientists on the globe. The grand problem of the hereafter will be solved at that time, if it is solvable at all. Innocent or guilty, we doubt not that he will be delighted with the change of scenery, association, &c. If innocent, he had better be dead than living with such a stigma upon his name and a tidal wave of public opinion against him, crying for somebody's blood—no matter who, just so that somebody pays the death penalty. Farewell, Mr. Craft—you cannot make worse your recent situation, and you should be glad to go hence.

A Progressive Step.

CAPT. THOMAS and W. T. Overby are contemplating the experiment of establishing a tobacco manufactory at this place. This is a move in the right direction and we see no good reason why it should not succeed beyond the most sanguine expectations of the protectors. Being located in the heart of the best tobacco raising country in the world, we see no reason, why that our tobacco should be shipped several hundred miles away to be manufactured and shipped back here for sale. What we need here is home manufactory in every line of business. The old fogies will all soon pass away, and our children should be brought up progressive, alive and wide awake! What's the use of being one hundred years behind the East and West?

A No. 1 Man in Our Little Book.

JOHN STUART, one of the whitest men in America, is the only man out of several hundred who made a response to our little dun in Tuesday's issue, where the words "This means YOU" were used. John immediately made himself No. 1 in our little book, paying up his subscription in advance. There are probably lots of other good men in the county, but they do not seem to understand the force of strong language—even when a man needs money badly. They appear to expect a man to go them in person and whine like a hungry cur, putting up a plea that he is out of bread, and that he would accept that which is due him as a piece of charity.

Many thanks, Mr. Stuart. We cite you as an example of a man among men, and one of a very few in this country who understands business as it should be understood.

Distillery and Whisky Sold.

Wm. Webb, assignee of Sam Clay, Jr., & Co., sold their distillery near this city Wednesday, at public sale, to a syndicate composed of T. J. Megibben, G. G. White, Dick Stoll, Charlie Stoll, White Forman and D. C. Parrish, for \$21,000. Twenty-nine hundred barrels of whisky of the '81 and '82 crop were also sold in several lots, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$8 for '81, and \$6 1/2 to \$7 for '82. The following are a portion of the buyers and amount bought: Northern Bank, Paris, 1,400 barrels; Citizens' Bank, 150; City National Bank of Lexington, 100; Dan and Tom Roche, 150; John Morgan, 150; Speyer, of Lexington, 200; J. W. Watson & Co., Maysville, 100; Forshee, Lexington, 100; Wm. Adams, Cynthiana, 200; R. T. Anderson, 150.

We understand that it is not the intention of the syndicate to run it as a distillery, but merely to speculate on it. They claim that there is \$10,000 worth of storage in it for the whiskey, which reduces the distillery to \$10,000—the machinery of which cost about that much.

The Southern Play "Kentuck."

THE play of "Kentuck," rendered by Colton & Huntington's Combination, on Tuesday night, was the best play ever put on the boards in this city, and was so pronounced by most of our theatre-goers. The play is based on the life of real southern sports, in which the running races and "hoss" talk are the principal themes. The romances of a family feud where life is given for life, and where fortunes are stacked and lost, and with it the heart of a bluegrass belle, and the averted "throw" of a race by a jockey, are the principal parts of the play. The troupe is first-class in every respect, but labored under many difficulties owing to the inadaptability of our stage. It was impossible for them to get their horses on the stage, therefore much of the excitement due from the pool-selling was lost, but the figure illustrations of the dash were thrilling with all the effects of a genuine race.

The Paris Colored Glee Club composed of Columbus Snell, Charlie Anderson, Geo. Meekin and Dan Jones, who sang "Old Kentucky Home" and other Southern melodies, added much to the play, and filled the bill of colored sports during the races to a dot.

The News this Morning.

Chairman Ogilvie, of the Republican State Committee, concedes Hoadley's election by 8,000 majority, and has telegraphed to this effect to all Republican Chairmen in the State. He also concedes the Legislature as follows: Senate 22 Democrats, 11 Republicans. House, 60 Democrats, 45 Republicans; majority 23 on joint ballot. He claims Rose, Republican, probably elected Lieutenant Governor.

The Democrats are claiming Iowa by 5,000, and the Republicans by 10,000.

SCINTILLATIONS.

—Rather warm for the hop at Cynthiana, to-night.

—Geo. Alexander has returned from the Louisville Exposition.

—Col. G. D. Mitchell, of the Advertiser, has returned from St. Louis.

—Jos. L. Taylor is out again, after a severe illness of several weeks.

—James Gass, Hugo Alexander and others have returned from the St. Louis fair.

—Jack Lovey, who has been down with malarial fever, is able to be out again.

—Allen Cole, son of Judge Cole, of Flemingsburg, is attending Harvard College.

—Samuel J. Tilden was Wednesday elected a member of the New York Yacht Club.

—A Powell county woman slept in an unconscious state for six weeks, and then died.

—James Glenn and wife, of Carlisle, have moved to Walker, Missouri, to make their future home.

—A St. Louis couple first met at noon, married at supper, fought at night and separated in the morning.

—Talmage says that men lie when they say that a woman is an angel. "Tal" has been married twice, you know.

—Conductor Henry Green and wife have returned home from a tour, and the Captain is at his post on the M. & L. branch.

—There were sixty-six divorce cases in the Chicago courts on Saturday. No wonder the standing cry in the daily papers is "clean the city."

—Capt. Pate Miller and Geo. McCarty attended the Shakespearean feast of Keene in Maebeth, at the Lexington Opera House, Monday night.

—A Chinaman named Hog Cheek recently died in Philadelphia. In the loss of him we can truly say that another good book agent has gone to rest.

—Cal Darnell, Mrs. Scudder, and Rev. Scudder and wife, all passed through here from Carlisle Wednesday, to attend the Presbyterian synod, at Harrodsburg.

—Charlie Gatewood, of Mt. Sterling, has gone to Topeka, Kansas, where he has accepted a clerkship in the office of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad.

—Andrew J. Lovey, while attending the Grand Conclave of Knights of Pythias at Louisville, was taken for the Jesse James character man at the theater one night.

—When a Texas owl swooped down and stuck its claws in a sleeping old man's hair, the sleeper awakened and drawled out: "Well, old woman, what's the matter now?"

—Dr. David Lyman leaves for Philadelphia this afternoon under charge of Major T. T. Owings as goonsman, bent on a matrimonial alliance on the 18th inst. Nothing appears too hazardous for the indefatigable Major.

—Gov. Knott, of Kentucky, Gov. Porter, of Indiana, Gov. Murray, of Utah, and Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, attended the Louisville Exposition Wednesday. Governor Jarvis, of North Carolina, was also there, and said something to the boys.

THE Kentuckian nose mop of to-morrow will say something about a *Giascutus* (Indian hen) killed and brought into that office by an uncle black man, from the country. The black man called the bird a "bull goose."

A FLOCK of partridges strayed into this city yesterday afternoon, and nine of them perched up on the roof of a Main street dwelling. Some small boys enjoyed the sport of shooting them with Flobert rifles.

Another Excursion to Louisville.

The Kentucky Central will run another excursion from this place to the Louisville Exposition Monday next, Oct. 15th. Round-trip tickets \$2.75, good to return on all regular trains until the following Saturday.

THE public sale of Jerseys of A. McCulloch & Son at Lexington, closed yesterday, and was a grand success. Their 118 head averaged \$254, and aggregated \$30,000. Mr. McMichael's 11 head which were sold at the same time, averaged \$277, and aggregated \$3,047.

THE Louisville Exposition building, put up at a cost of over \$200,000, has been sold to a stock company at New Orleans, and will be moved to that place as soon as the exposition is over—the 10th of November. The Louisville Exposition has been a grand success, and has so far downed all similar ones in the Union, save the Centennial at Philadelphia in '76.

THE new short-cut pavements running diagonally through our Court-house square, are perfect eye-sores to the public, and knock the beauty of the square completely into a legal deformity. The ungainly line on the North side strikes center between the offices of Mayor Purnell and Kelly Brent and that on the South side strikes a beeline for G. C. Lockhart's office door. Who on earth are the authors of the outrage?

What the NEWS Would Like to See:

Iowa turn sensible like Ohio.

Ohio go the same way next year.

To-morrow's Kentuckian supplement.

Major Thomas Owings downing Philadelphia.

A. P. Allis interviewing Henry Hastings on Ohio.

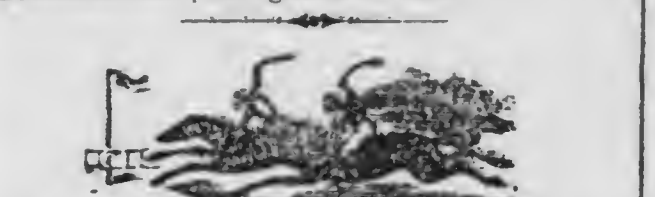
Governor Hoadly in President Tilden's Cabinet.

The new pavements in the public square torn up and the sod put down again.

A few more men who understand the force of English language like John Stuart.

MAN born of woman is of few days, and wants a short route to glory. Now John Swiney wants a short route sandstone pavement from the Northern Bank to the Court-house door—and he should have it; he's as much entitled to one as the lawyers.

A BANQUET was given to the commercial pilgrims of the State, at the Wells House, Wednesday night, at which 125 guests were in attendance. Cols. Jesse Lovely, Larue Thomas and others from Cincinnati, were in attendance.—[Georgetown Item.]



The Trader, Turfman, Farmer and Sportsman.

Wilson's Lady DeJarnett took the premium over forty-one entries in the roadster ring at the St. Louis fair last week.

The phenomenal young pacer Johnston paced a mile at Chicago, Tuesday, in 2:10, beating the fastest harness record.

Traders from Menifee county are buying hogs in Nicholas and are driving them to the mountains to feed them on mast.

MULES FOR SALE.—One pair horse mule; good workers. Also, one large dray mule. For sale by [2002-21] R. B. HUTCHCRAFT.

Farmers who have sown wheat are scared up for fear that the fly will invade it in consequence of this exceedingly warm weather.

Day Dream Dream, Hinda Rose, and Monahan were the winners at the Lexington trotting race; Wednesday, Hinda Rose making a mile in 2:19.

Twenty-six horses, the property of R. S. Strader, sold Wednesday at the Lexington Fair Grounds, at an aggregate of \$8,710. They averaged \$335 per head.

Hinda Rose trotted a mile at Lexington Wednesday, in 2:19 1/4, the best three-year-old time on record, and within a half second of the best four-year-old time.

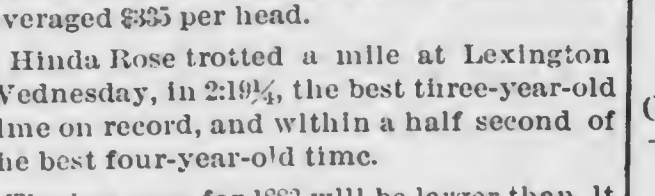
The hog crop for 1883 will be larger than it has been for ten years. Chicago has already received one hundred thousand more hogs than it received by the same time last year.

Sam Ewalt has returned from Indianapolis, where he purchased a fine yearling colt by Hambletonian Tramp, dam by Saratus Clay. It will be put at work at once, and entered for the Spring meeting.

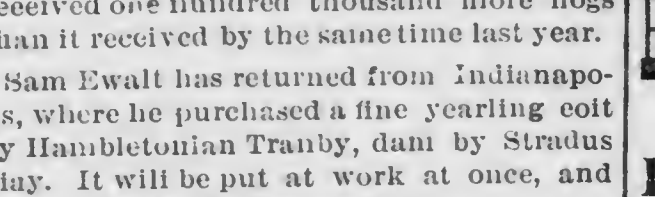
Don't forget old Callan. His two-year-old son, C. F. Clay, beat the great California colt Tuesday at Lexington, for the 2-year-old stakes (\$2,700) and made the remarkable time of 2:21 1/2. We feel safe in saying that W. S. Backner has the best colt in America. His time is the best two-year-old on record.

At Alex. McCulloch & Son's public sale of Jerseys at Lexington Wednesday and Thursday, a flock of buyers from eight states were in attendance, and the stock was pretty evenly distributed among them—the home buyers getting only a few. On Wednesday 35 head brought an aggregate of \$9,145, or an average of \$261. The best sales were Jessup \$183, \$65, Nain Day \$172, to A. H. Davenport, Lexington; Cloteyenne, \$100, to M. Carter.

Miss Mollie E. Tully has returned from the East with the finest stock ever brought to Paris, and having a young lady from the East to trim for her, she is prepared to suit all who may favor her with a call. She has an opening of millinery, Saturday, Oct. 18th.



To the wife of James Keefe, of this city, a daughter, on Tuesday night last.



Yesterday at Carlisle, John Brown wedded Miss Nannie McViney.

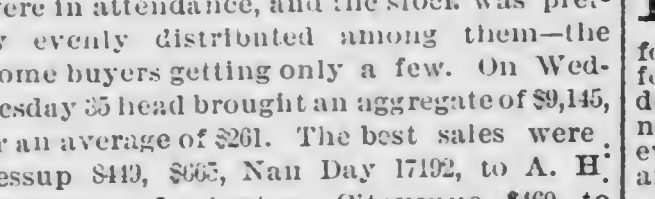
Mr. J. W. Garrett, of Versailles, and Miss Carrie D. Wason, of Woodford county, were married Wednesday by the Rev. Mr. Douglas.

Miss Rosa B. daughter of R. S. Williams formerly of this city and Dr. J. T. Wallingford will be married at the Madison street Baptist Church in Covington on the 16th inst.

Beautiful lithographed script cards are issued from Philadelphia, announcing the marriage of Miss Brenda G. Kennedy, to David Lyman of this city, at the Twelfth St. M. E. Church, on the 18th inst.

There were four marriages in Mt. Sterling last Thursday: B. F. Herriott to Miss Mattie Whitsett, A. S. Thompson to Miss Sallie Tipton, A. A. Wilson to Miss Maggie Bosworth and Ben Robinson to Miss Jennie Reed. The party took place in the Louisville Exposition, and returned Sunday on the C. & O. fast train with the News man. The cars being crowded, one bride was forced to sit without her husband for a few moments—she, in the meantime harassed him until he made a canvass of the train and doubled up two gentlemen into one seat and procured one for himself and bride.

The Frankfort correspondent of the Courier-Journal says that a thrilling sensation was developed in that city, Monday, by the arrival of Tice Hall, of Georgetown, and Miss Lillie Thornberry, of Paducah, who were bent on matrimonial intentions, when their plans were frustrated by the intervention of a friend of Miss Thornberry's mother, who dissuaded the would-be bride from proceeding farther. The couple were accompanied by Mr. W. B. Smith and Miss Katie McClelland.



Charles B. Davis, son of Nicholas Davis, died here Wednesday, of typho-malarial fever. Funeral services yesterday at St. Peter's Episcopal church.

W. H. H. JOHNSON, Prop'r. W. B. CONWAY, Clerk.

JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

JOHNSON HOUSE,
MILLERSBURG, KY.

One square from the depot. Good Livery Stable Attached. The kindest attention given and guests made comfortable.

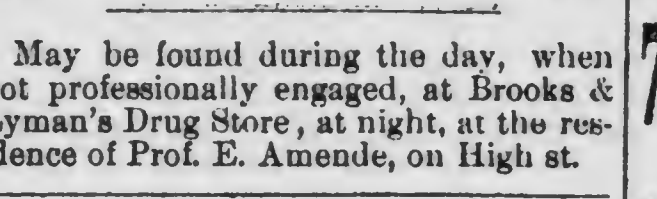
Good Sample Rooms. A table filled with all the delicacies of the season.

RATES REASONABLE.

WM. KENNEY, M. D.,
—PRACTITIONER OF—

MEDICINE & SURGERY,

May be found during the day, when not professionally engaged, at Brooks & Lyman's Drug Store, at night, at the residence of Prof. E. Amende, on High st.



PARIS 'BUS LINE,
L. F. MANN, Prop. P. CAMPBELL, Supt.

All trains connected with and calls made anywhere. Orders left at hotel or depot. Fare, 25 cts. including ordinary baggage.

HENRY DAUM,
Fashionable Barber

Opp. Odd Fellows Hall, PA. KY.

CHRIS. GROSCHKE,
BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

—DEALER IN—

Fruits, Cakes, Fancy

Goods, Cigars and

Tobacco, &c.

FRESH BREAD EVERY DAY.

One door above the Thurston House.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Dr. H. B. DAVIS,

formerly with Davis & Lyle, respectfully informs the public that he can be found one door above the post-office, where he has a new and complete stock of drugs—in fact, everything in the drug line as new, bright and shining as a silver dollar.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, from the purest drugs.

The purest and oldest liquors for medicinal purposes only, and the finest cigars and tobacco on the market, kept constantly on hand.

A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

JOHN B. NORTHCOTT,

AGENT FOR THE

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.

OFFICE: DEPOSIT BANK, PARIS, KY.

GEO. W. DAVIS,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE,

Window Shades, Carpets, Oil

Cloths, Mattresses, &c.,

Special Attention Given to

Undertaking and Repairing.

Main Street, Paris, Ky.

S. B. EWALT,

LIVERY SALE AND COMMIS-

SION STABLE,

High Street, Paris Kentucky.

Will break colts to best advantage. Horses bought and sold on a small margin, also boarded on as good terms as any other stables in Paris.

RHEUMATISM!

Immediate Relief in all Cases by

Dr. RUSH'S

Blood ROOT OIL.

Cured of Rheumatism in Two Hours.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 2, 1882.

Dr. Rush's Medical Association:

GENTLEMEN—I have been troubled with rheumatism for two years. I tried all the best advertised oils and liniments, and many first-class physicians without relief. The last Dr. I visited recommended Dr. Rush's "Blood Root Oil." I purchased a large bottle for fifty cents, and applied it. In two hours I was relieved and now I am entirely well. Its effects are wonderful, and I believe it the only thing in the world which will cure rheumatism. Truly Yours,

JOHN HUTCHISON,

89 Erie St., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. RUSH'S BLOOD ROOT OIL

has no equal in the world as a Liniment or Oil. It is a Cheap, Simple, Safe and Sure external remedy for man or beast. It never fails to cure.

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is put up in two sizes. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent direct upon receipt of price by Dr. RUSH'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Niagara, N. Y., U. S. A.

JOHN J. LONG, Prop'r. JOHN J. LONG, Clerk.

PURNELL HOUSE,
MILLERSBURG, KY.

THE NEWS

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY.

WET WEATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain.

W. Y. rain's my choice.

Men generally, to all intents— Although they're up to grumble some— Puts most their trust in Providence, And takes things as they come— That is, the commonality Of men that's lived as long as me, Has watched the world enough to learn They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different— I've seen young men that knowed it all, And didn't like the way things went On this terrestrial ball! But, all the same, the rain some way Rained just as hard on pensive-day; Or when they really wanted it, It may be wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet, Will overtake the best of men— Some little skiff o' clouds'll shed The sun off now and then; But may be, as you're underlin' who You've fool-like lent your umbrella to, And want it—out'll pop the sun, And you'll be glad you ain't got none.

It aggravates the farmers, too— They're too much wet, or too much sun, Or work, or waitin' round to do Before the plowin's done; And may be, like as not, the wheat, Just as it's lookin' hard to beat, Will fetch the storm—and just about The time the corn's a-jintin' out!

Those here ex-claim a-foolin' round— And back and drop—and wind and rain— And yet the corn that's wallered down May elbow up again! They ain't no sense, as I can see, For mortals such as you and me, A-fuillin' Nature's wise intents And lookin' horns with Providence!

It ain't no use to grumble and complain; It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice; When God sorts out the weather and sends rain.

W. Y. rain's my choice. J. W. Riley.

HOW LINTON BANK WAS ROBBED.

The little city of Linton, a place remarkable for the sobriety, industry and morality of its people—is just emerging from a thrilling scene which shook the whole community with nervous excitement, and that came near to destroying the fire of faith in humanity which has so long burned brightly in the bosoms of those easy-going, honest country folk.

The journey I have just completed was one of haste, and my stay in Linton was much shorter than I had hoped it might be; but I was there sufficiently long to witness the closing scenes of a remarkable trial, and one that will be long remembered by the people of that quiet town, and be talked of as the city's tragedy.

The Linton Bank is one of the interesting institutions not only of Linton, but of the whole county in which it is situated. It has long been noted for its financial stability, and its officers and clerks have many years borne the name of "Linton's Conservatives," which was given them for their perfect honesty and firm adherence to strict banking principles.

One of my first movements after I had arrived and partaken of a wholesome noonday meal, a la rural district, was to visit the bank for the purpose of having a check cashed.

As the teller handed me a small package of greenbacks, I observed that my old friend, President Goodnow, who was sitting near the huge doors of the iron vault, was looking me sharply in the face. He seemed to have observed that the new iron and wire railing, separating the teller's corner from the outer part of the room, had strongly attracted my attention, and from my looks judged that I was noting the changed appearance of things, and, therefore, naturally inferred that I was not a stranger at the counter. But the teller's face was a strange one to me, and that, with the new railing and wirework, had created within a feeling of inquisitiveness which I could not hide.

The bank President arose from his chair, raised his glasses from his eyes, and walked toward the railing which separated us. He soon recognized me, and I was greeted in his usually warm and friendly style.

"I saw you were interested to understand why all these radical changes in our little bank," said Mr. Goodnow, "and, from the manner in which you looked at the strange face at the teller's desk, and the wire-work surrounding it, I concluded at once that you were not a stranger to us."

"Yes," said I, "it looked so strange to me that I almost doubted for a moment that I was in the place that I had supposed it to be. But I got a glimpse of your familiar face and my doubts were dispelled. Tell me, Mr. Goodnow, I continued, "what is the cause of this change?"

"Yes, I will," replied the old gentleman in which he assured me that his tender sympathies were aroused on the subject. "I will tell you the circumstances as far as they have gone," he said, with deep feeling, "and I can assure you that it is a sad story you shall hear. But, as we talk, I will ask you to walk with me. I must be at the court room promptly at two. I shall be glad to have you with me if you have time," and the aged man wiped the sweat from his brow, and pushed back the white locks which partly concealed his pleasant face.

"Indeed, Mr. Goodnow," I answered, "it will be a pleasure to accompany you; I will most happily accept your invitation."

"Poor John Earnest is in jail for theft. I would almost as easily expected to be there myself as to see John Earnest in jail. I could scarcely have believed it had the facts not come before my own eyes, and even now it seems as though it must be a dream." The tones in which these words were uttered were sufficient to tell me of deep sadness in the old man's heart as he was speaking. "Yes," Mr. Goodnow continued, "John is in jail, and his poor widowed mother is almost crushed with grief. John was her only support, her idol and her pet. She is a noble woman, a true mother, I can tell you, and even to this day, in spite of all the evidence which has been produced, she declares that John is innocent."

"But what are the charges against him, Mr. Goodnow? Do I understand that John Earnest, that faithful, intelli-

gent man, who has served you so long and so well, is now in jail for theft?" "He is," was the trembling reply. "He is charged with having stolen a package of money containing \$5,000 from our bank."

"Is it possible?" And what are the circumstances? pray let me know," I asked, with great impatience.

"The circumstances," said my friend, "are that a package containing \$5,000 was missed from our bank, and we have never been able to account for its disappearance upon any theory or supposition save that John must have known what became of it. He declares, of course, that he does not, but all the circumstances point so strongly to his guilt that I am in great doubt. If there were any reasonable theory upon which I could base a presumption, or any evidence at all pointing to his innocence, I should readily accept his word as the truth, although it was against all the evidence produced by an examination of the books."

"It was on a busy Saturday that the shortage occurred—or, at least, so far as any of us know. In closing business at the bank, Saturday afternoon, John asked our cashier, Mr. Westman, if he had put away a package of money from the teller's desk. Mr. Westman said he had not, and John carefully looked over his cash again, and finally packed it up and put it in the vault. He checked over his cash entries and balanced his books as if all were right. Sunday morning Mr. Westman called for me, and asked if I would go with him to the bank. I consented, and when inside the bank Mr. Westman said he wanted to examine John's cash. We made a careful count and compared the money with the book, and found the cash was an even \$5,000 short. We said nothing about it until Monday morning when we met John at the bank. Mr. Westman then asked him if he had balanced his cash on Saturday. His face was slightly flushed, and he said that he had balanced the cash-book, but that his cash was short, and he did not stop to see what the trouble was. He said it was short \$5,000 as he supposed, but he expected a careful examination on Monday would show where the mistake was. Then followed an examination and a re-examination, and still another trial at finding the lost money. All attempts were fruitless, and an expert was employed. The expert corroborated the other trials, and reported to the board that there could be no doubt about it that John Earnest was positively short in his cash to the amount of \$5,000. The matter was placed in the hands of detectives, and John was arrested. It was discovered that soon after the money was missed John paid off a mortgage on his mother's house, and that fact gave the detectives—as they thought—a direct clew to his guilt. When John was arrested his bondsman came forward and offered to make good the loss, but John positively declined and refused to allow that to be done. He declared his innocence, and said he could prove where the money came from to pay off the mortgage. He would rather suffer imprisonment and a trial than to have his bondsman pay for what he had not stolen, and thereby be considered a thief. He demanded a trial. This is probably his last day in court, and I see no chance whatever for the poor boy to escape the full penalty of the law. I admit being greatly in doubt about his guilt, and it will be a terrible blow upon me to see John Earnest taken to prison. It would be almost as hard as to see my own child taken there. And with these words the old gentleman tremblingly shook his white locks and wiped his moistened eyes."

We were now at the court-house steps, and we slowly ascended to the commodious court-room. An immense throng had gathered around the building, and when we entered the court-room we found it completely packed, and the doors guarded to prevent further ingress of the crowd. My companion passed me in, and led the way down the aisle to a seat in the space reserved for counsel and witnesses. A few minutes later the prisoner came in under escort of a deputy sheriff. The face was natural, and was the one I had expected to see at the counter where I went to get my check cashed. The prisoner looked pale, however, from the severe trouble he had evidently been passing through. But his clear skin, soft, glossy dark hair, bright eyes, and face beaming with intelligence and good nature, all helped to inspire his friends with confidence in his innocence. It was a picture for an artist as every eye was turned toward the smooth-faced young prisoner. The old gentleman leaned over to me, and in a whisper said, as the tears came to his eyes: "Isn't it a sorrowful picture? Isn't he the type of a noble man? And my poor daughter—she was deeply in love with him. I wouldn't have it happen for half I'm worth."

Before I could ask any question, though I was now more thoroughly than before awakened in the case, the Judge took his seat, the jury were escorted to their box, and the court was called to order. Just then a small boy came tiptoeing through the crowd, and beckoned to the deputy sheriff. I heard him say: "Here's a message for Mr. Earnest."

The telegram was placed in the prisoner's hands. He nervously opened the wrapper, read it, and passed it to his counsel. The attorney for the State had just arisen, and asked to recall the expert who had examined the books. The request was granted. A series of what seemed to me quite unimportant questions were asked and answered. The witness was excused, and, just as the State Attorney was about to arise, the counsel for the prisoner sprang to his feet and addressed the court:

"May it please your honor, I hold in my hand material testimony in this case. It is a telegram from an important witness, who will be here to-morrow to testify in the prisoner's behalf. I desire to ask your Honor for a stay of proceedings until the witness arrives. If there be no objection I shall be thankful for the privilege of reading the telegram."

The Judge informed the attorney that he could first show the paper to the attorney for the State, and if he did not object it could then be read. This was done; consent was given, and the telegram, dated at St. Louis, was read, as follows:

John Earnest, Linton: Delayed by accident. Will be there to-morrow to prove your inno-

cence, and corroborate your statement of my bequest. Take courage, all shall be well. PETER PORTER.

After the telegram had been read the State Attorney arose, and addressed the court:

"I see no reason, your Honor, why this trial should be delayed upon the strength of this telegram. There is no evidence to show that it is genuine, and if that point be admitted there is no evidence to show that the testimony to be thus secured will establish the innocence of the prisoner. Even though it be proven that the author of the telegram is the uncle of the prisoner, as is alleged, and that he will be able to satisfactorily prove how the prisoner came with the money to pay off the mortgage, that will remove only one of the strong circumstances which go to prove his guilt. There are other circumstances, as your Honor is aware, upon which he may be convicted. I trust, your Honor, that this shall not be deemed of sufficient importance to grant a postponement of this case."

The able counsel for the prisoner then followed with an eloquent argument in favor of a postponement. While he was talking a beautiful young lady entered the court-room. She was at once the observed of all observers, and an almost deathlike silence stole over the immense audience as she carefully, though evidently under great excitement, followed an officer of the court until they reached the railing within which sat the counsel and witnesses.

As soon as the young lady's presence was observed by my elderly companion he arose quickly and hastened toward her, showing signs of surprise to see her there. The two held a short whispered conversation, the young lady pointing to a small package which she held in her hand. My elderly friend, evinced by his movements, excitement. He opened the little gate leading through the railing, the young lady stepped inside and took a seat near the counsel for the prisoner.

When the lawyer had finished his remarks he turned round and bowed gracefully to the young lady, and they shook hands. A few whispers passed between them, and the attorney, amid a breathless suspense of the spectators, and while every eye in the room was upon the person who last entered, arose, and said: "If your Honor please, and with the consent of the learned counsel for the State, while I was speaking an important witness in this case entered this room. That witness is now here willing to testify, and I beg the privilege of introducing further testimony."

"At this the attorney for the State arose and said: 'I have no objection, your Honor, to receiving any testimony which is important to a fair and impartial trial of the accused. I consent to the gentleman's request—of course, upon his honor that the testimony is important and material.'"

"I call Miss Nettie Goodnow," the prisoner's attorney said. The Judge bowed very politely as the young lady arose, and she said: "Miss Goodnow, you will please take this chair," pointing to the witness-stand. The directions were obeyed, and the oath administered. The usual questions as to the acquaintance with the case and the prisoner followed.

Then came the question: "Will you please inform the court and the jury as to the nature of the package you hold in your hand, Miss Goodnow?"

The witness carefully unfolded the package as she replied: "This is the package of money, sir, which was taken from the Linton Bank on Saturday, the tenth day of last month—five thousand dollars!" and she held it up that the Court might get a view of it.

"From whom, or where, did you get this money, Miss Goodnow?" continued the counsel.

"I found it to-day at the house of Mr. Henry Black, and among a bundle of papers belonging to George Westman, the brother of Cashier Westman, of Linton Bank!"

This reply came like a thunderbolt from heaven, and the excitement which followed was so great that the Court rapped vigorously upon his desk before order could be restored.

The counsel for the accused stepped forward, and taking the package of money placed it before the Court saying: "If your Honor please, we desire to offer this package of money as a part of our evidence in this case."

A paper held in the young lady's hand was a letter from George Westman addressed to her, and which gave a clew to the true history of the robbery. Young Westman was the brother of the cashier. He was in love with Nettie Goodnow, the daughter of President Goodnow, and knowing that John Earnest was the young lady's favorite he planned and carried out a scheme to steal the money in such a way that suspicion would rest upon the young teller, and through the disgrace thus produced the attachment between the couple would be broken off. The letter in the young lady's hands was from George Westman, confessing to her his crime, telling her where the money was, and begging her to get it and not inform on him. It contained direful threats if she should dare to reveal the truth, or refuse to send him the money.

As soon as the letter had been examined by the counsel an agreement was made for a postponement. Young Earnest allowed his friends to give bonds for his appearance the next day, and there was not a dry eye in the court-room when the accused man started toward the door and was stopped by the sweet voice of the young lady who approached him with an extended hand, sympathetically saying: "We have never lost confidence in your honesty, John. You shall be free to-morrow."

The remainder of my story can be as easily imagined as told. John Earnest is again teller of Linton Bank. Cashier Westman is one of his best friends. The cash is no longer short, and though George Westman is not to be found, his honorable brother has paid all the costs in suit, and no charges have been preferred against the guilty person. I shall not be surprised to receive, ere long, cards inviting me to witness an interesting ceremony, which, I understand, is to take place at the residence of President Goodnow.—American Counting-Room.

—Handkerchief flirtations at the beach are sea waves that are not sad.—Boston Star.

A Marvelous Marksman.

There is in town at the present time a party who has an interesting and eventful history. The person is Charles Wallace, who was born in Missouri in 1843, and from his boyhood until the breaking out of the rebellion was engaged in hunting and trapping. When the call came for soldiers he responded, enlisted in the 4th Missouri regiment, and served throughout the rebellion. He was in Andersonville, Libby, Bell Isle, and Florence prisons. At the first named he was sentenced to be shot July 17, 1863. The night preceding the day on which he was to meet his death, he with seven others, managed to escape. They managed in the darkness to get close to the guard, when a companion named Bob Allison, of Connecticut, threw a preparation of fine, dry tobacco and pepper into the guard's face.

At the conclusion of his war experience Wallace went on the plains as a scout, carrying with him in his body nine bullets, seven of which can be distinctly felt. During a fight with a party of Apache Indians he had a personal encounter with one of the chiefs of the tribe, named Osceono. The fight was a hand-to-hand one, and meant death to one or both. Wallace received a dagger thrust through the palm of his left hand, and was also held by the throat. He then drew his revolver with his right hand, and twisted his free arm across his back, shot the chief dead. The knife with which he was stabbed was combined with a revolver, having in one weapon a scalping-knife, dagger and shooting-iron. In the handle was a chamber of poison, with which to make the work of the instrument still more dangerous. As mementoes of this fight the scout carries with him the miniature arsenal described and the scalp of Osceono.

The wonderful marksmanship of Charles Wallace is the talk of the town, and in his exploits in this direction he is ably seconded by his wife, Mrs. Wallace. Wallace is at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet hold a ten cent piece between her lips and her husband will knock it out of her mouth every time without harm. This is regarded as the most difficult shot ever made, and it has been done here several times since their advent in town. A common tack is placed on a white surface, point toward him, and Mr. Wallace will drive a bullet on the tack point nine times out of ten. He will stand one hundred yards away, hold a ten cent piece between his fingers, which his wife will shoot out with a revolver.—Marlboro Cor. Boston Globe.

The Grazing Region.

What is generally known as the grazing country of the Far West, is a region stretching over 2,000 miles north and south by 1,000 miles east and west; and comprises Arizona, Colorado, Western Dakota, Indian Territory, Western Kansas, Western Nebraska, New Mexico, Montana, Eastern Utah, Wyoming and portions of Oregon and Nevada. Into these grazing grounds, this year, Missouri sent 55,000 one and two-year-old heifers and cows; the eastern half of Kansas about 20,000; Iowa about 25,000; Minnesota, 15,000; Louisiana, 10,000; Mississippi, 10,000; Texas, 5,000; Florida, 15,000; Illinois and Kentucky, 5,000; and driven into Texas, New Mexico and Arizona from Old Mexico about 30,000. Oregon and Washington sent into Montana, Wyoming and Dakota fully 20,000. And into this same country about 20,000 young thoroughbred and high-grade bulls were sent from different Eastern and Middle States. The cost of yearlings from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska was from \$17 to \$21 per head; two-year-olds, \$23 to \$28 per head; young dry cows, \$30 to \$35 per head. From Arkansas and further south the price per head was from three to six dollars less, owing to quality, and from Old Mexico \$10 was a good price for yearlings, \$12 for two-year-olds; \$16 to \$18 for three-year-olds and cows; cows with calves, \$22 to \$25. The price of stock cattle in different Western localities are now as follows: Southern Texas, \$20 to \$22.50 per head; in Northern Texas, Indian Territory, Arizona and New Mexico, \$25 to \$28, owing to improvement; Western Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and further north, from \$30 to \$35 per head, owing to quality and improvement. Grade bulls cost from \$45 to \$60 per head for yearlings, \$60 to \$75 for two-year-olds, thoroughbreds from \$100 to \$300, owing to the strains of blood.—Madison State Journal.

The Principles of the Shakers.

The Shakers number 5,000 in the United States. One of the cardinal tenets of the order is celibacy. They believe with St. Paul, that if a virgin marries she will do well, but if she remains single she will do better. As a rule the men live in one side of the house and the women in the other. The women cook for the men and do other tasks fit for their strength, and the men do the outside work. The Shakers believe in community of goods and interests. They hold no property individually. Their possessions are held by trustees who are appointed to conduct their temporal affairs. The trustees, or their agents, buy whatever is needed, dispose of the surplus produce, and hold all property in trust for the common good. The society in general is divided into six bishoprics, in each of which are two male and two female bishops. Each community, or family has four elders, two of each sex. The bishops, who hold their positions for life, choose their own successors—that is, when one dies or for some reason retires, the vacancy is filled by those remaining. However, it must be filled acceptably to the members of the society, and when the bishop is appointed who does not give satisfaction, he is removed and another appointed in his place. The communities are each given religious instruction and guidance by four elders, when the order is full—two of each sex. They hold their positions for life and are appointed by the elders. Equal prominence is given to man and woman in every respect, and equality of the sexes is one of the governing principles of the organization.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

—A Southern entertainment is guessing at the seeds in a certain watermelon, and one contest recently closed, in Knoxville, received 4,705 guesses from fourteen different States.—N. Y. News.

How Money is Made Upon the Farm.

Experiments in growing animals, and in fattening them for the market, have, quite often, seemed to show that no profit was made upon the undertaking; at any rate, no such profit as would satisfy a man with a speculative turn of mind. The opinion is frequently expressed that, taking the country over, but comparatively few farmers make any money upon their farms over and above that made through the steadily growing value of their acres. There are, of course, many things produced upon the farm that are not counted and charged up as a part of the yearly expenses, and credited to the farm, as they should be. Poultry and the egg product out quite a figure in the living expenses, yet there are rarely any account taken of these—only when poultry forms quite an item in the business carried on on the farm. The same is true of milk and butter, except where the farm is a dairy farm; in which latter case articles used from what is rated as the leading products are deducted.

On some farms, the surplus of poultry and eggs is quite sufficient to pay for one or two leading articles in the grocery line for the entire year, if the poultry is properly managed. Then if the farm is not a dairy farm, the surplus product of the farm cows, properly utilized, will pay the grocer quite an added amount towards his yearly bill. The hens glean their living from sources that are mainly valueless for any other purpose, and the keep for a couple of cows is hardly missed upon a farm of two or three hundred acres, leaving the main sources of income intact. In fact, if the farmer is following the system of stock growing, he should pursue, his cattle being well graded up, the increase will pay expense of feeding such cows as are kept for family use; if he does not raise cattle somewhat improved, he is not worthy to have his milk and butter at any less cost than those who do not live on the farm.

The farmer who bought his land—say 240 acres—for \$300, twenty-five years ago, and can now sell at \$50 per acre, has, after deducting compound interest upon the sum originally paid, an apparent profit on the investment of about \$46 per acre. But it is answered to this, that he has paid taxes, and placed fences and buildings upon the property, and it is largely upon these improvements that the gain from \$1.25 to \$50 per acre has come. But it must also be borne in mind, that he has had the use of the land during the period named, worth during the first two or three years, we will say, nothing; after that, from one to three dollars per acre, according to state of advancement in tillage, in seeding down, and in improvement.

If, as is the rule, he has built fences, and erected buildings out of earnings from the land, having had no means, from any other source, to make improvements with, has had his living during the years, and has now an accumulation of live stock and other personal property on hand, without having incurred the risk which so generally environ mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, there is no reason why, having had the use of fences and buildings up to the period of incipient decay, he should not count the increase in price over first cost as resting entirely in the land proper. If gain is made out of the products of the farm, it is by common consent conceded that wheat growing does not, taking the years together, add to this gain. Especially is this true after the first two or three years' cropping, and doubly true after the land has become, owing to its location, materially enhanced in value.

During all the years that the average farmer has kept himself weighted down with inferior farm stock, on which he has made no profit, he has, nevertheless, secured a living. Under the mere drift of events—circumstances beyond his control—under which the man without brains and business tact shares to quite a degree equally with him who has a large gift of both, his land has yearly grown in value, so that he finds a customer for his acres in the thrifty neighbor who has accumulated a bank balance, not by waiting for an increase in the value of the land he has no intention of selling, but through feeding his grain and grass, not simply that they may be consumed on the premises, that he may say his produce is not being hoarded off, but, on the contrary, to well-bred animals, that pay a profit.

We would ask, what source of profit is there upon the farm, leaving out the special lines, dairying, etc., except in following the plan to regularly turn off paying live stock? Certainly continuous wheat growing, with other grains added, to the exclusion of feeding, can not be practiced upon lands in general, in fact not upon any land, without heavy outlay for keeping up fertility. If the man who goes along slipshod from year to year, feeding scrub steers until they are four or five years old, will go into market with a car-load, on same train with his neighbor who has a car-load of two or three-year-olds of high breeding, he ought to be able, after the sales are made, to compute the advantages reached through receiving the proceeds from two or three years' keep, at six cents, over anything he can figure up on an experience of a four or five years' keep, upon a three-and-a-half cent basis. This is one way for a man to settle the question whether he has ever really made any money, except through what is forced upon him by the gradual rise in the value of land in his locality.—National Live Stock Journal.

—Two elegantly dressed ladies were shown to their seats in the parquette of the National Theater at Washington the other evening, and when a gentleman with a stylish young woman came down the aisle, a few moments later, one of the elegantly dressed ladies went out to meet him, pounding him with her fist and pulling his hair. She shouted in great excitement that the gentleman was her husband who had deserted her for a female around long enough; so she had successfully laid in wait for him and took him home.—Washington Post.

—George Townsend, of Helena, Ark., has found on the bank of the Old Town lake a grave with a silver cross, old fashioned nails and other relics, including the bones of the occupant. He believes he has found the grave of De Soto, and some of his friends share his belief.—Detroit Post.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The latest dodge is "paper boilers," but some will hanker after a steamboat with iron boilers in preference.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—George Hackett, of Taunton, Mass., while driving, struck a slack telegraph wire and lost several of his front teeth.—Boston Transcript.

—A steam fire engine company went from Millington, Pa., to Lewistown by rail at their own expense to extinguish a fire, and were compelled to pay toll on crossing the bridges.—Philadelphia Press.

—Because a juror in New York suggested to his brethren that they flip a cent to see whether they would convict or acquit the defendant, the Judge dismissed the jury and ordered a new trial.—N. Y. Sun.

—The most useless article in the way of a weapon ever invented is the pistol. In nine cases in ten when it goes off it kills the wrong man. Having one handy has been the cause of many a murder.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—To settle a quarrel relative to the presidency of an association, Henry Custer and John Murphy, of Flushing, L. I., fought six rounds, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Both men were badly punished, and the fight was declared a draw.—N. Y. Times.

—While two boys were rolling a barrel of shellac along a factory floor in Lynn, Mass., recently, it strangely exploded, hurting the boys, blowing out the windows and burning the hair and clothing of a man who was passing on the street.—Boston Herald.

—Great Britain is the only country in Europe which has no forestry schools. On the Continent there are numerous excellent and well-established schools of that character, where everything that appertains to trees is taught by accomplished teachers.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The Dakota Constitutional Convention at Sioux Falls recently settled the woman-suffrage question by adopting a provision allowing women to vote at school elections solely, and granting them the right to hold office pertaining to school government.—Chicago News.

—The English sparrows, which are eaten in Philadelphia for reed-birds, are considered as being a great delicacy. The flesh of the sparrow is darker than that of the reed-bird, but the Philadelphia cooks say that only those who have never eaten anything but reed-birds can tell the difference.—Philadelphia Record.

—A blooming young widow of Wayne County, N. Y., was to have been married a few days ago. The feast was spread and the guests were on hand, but the bridegroom failed to come to time. Three days afterward the young man explained that his father, who objected to the match, had hidden his wedding clothes, even to his underclothing.—Buffalo Express.

—Louisiana boys take young mocking birds just before they can fly and sell them to New Orleans creoles for ten or fifteen cents a piece. The creoles sell them to German or Italian retail dealers for fifty cents and the dealers, mainly peddlers, receive three and four dollars for them in the North. The peddlers say that rich people do not buy birds; they prefer dogs.—N. O. Picayune.

—The engineer of an express train on the Hudson River Railroad had a peculiar experience with lightning recently. At New Hamburg he encountered a heavy rainstorm, and as he pulled his head into the cab lightning struck the track, and for several seconds the fluid revolved on the driving wheels on both sides of the engine. At every revolution the fluid would burst with a crack, sending out a shower of sparks. For over half an hour he felt a stinging, burning sensation on the cheek.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

—Sir Thomas Wade, after a residence of upward of twenty years in Peking, believes its population to be less than half a million; and a French physician, who has made systematic observations, estimates it at 400,000. Yet the geography books give it at 3,000,000. At the junction of the Han River with the Yangtze are two cities, Han-yang-fu and Wu-chang-fu, and an enormous perpetual fair, Hankow. The population of these has been set down at 3,000,000, but from a visit to the spot Sir T. Wade estimates it at about half a million.—Chicago Herald.

—A big walnut log from an out-of-the-way part of France arrived in New York a few days ago. It was twelve feet long and nine feet in diameter, and it is said to weigh nearly twenty-two tons. It cost the owners \$100 to bring it across the ocean, and \$40 more to have it trucked some little distance to a veneer mill, a task which kept six horses busy for thirty hours. There was only one derrick lighter in the harbor with which the monster log could be handled. The log is said to be worth, as it stands, \$2,000, or \$6,000 when cut into veneers.—N. Y. News.

—Among the curious things exhibited at the Louisville Southern Exhibition were thirteen medallions or castings of iron representing Christ and the Twelve Apostles. These were cast from native ores nearly one hundred years ago at the old Bellewood Furnace, upon the Cumberland River, in Eastern Tennessee, in molds made of green sandstone. Considering the rudeness of methods and the infancy of art in that section and time, they have a finish, smoothness, and polish that is remarkable. The delineation of features, the eyes, brow, chin, etc., are nearly if not quite equal to the very best grade of chisel work.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Miss Regina Anderson, the young girl rescued from the Mormons at New York by her sister, says her home near Stockholm, in Sweden, was visited by a Mormon missionary, who painted to her in the most glowing colors the advantages she would derive from exchanging her humble lot for a home among the Mormons. "He told me," she says, "that the weather in Utah was always pleasant, that every kind of fruit grew in the streets, and that nobody lived there but rich men, a great many of whom were unmarried and wanted wives. He told me that a husband was awaiting me among his people, and said he owned a big coal mine, lived in a palace, and owned a dozen carriages and a great stable full of horses.—Chicago Herald.

The Divining Rod.

The Philadelphia Press contains the following interview with Dr. Seth Pancoast, of that city, who has gained high reputation as a cabalist, and has made a life-long study of spiritualism, alchemy and the occult sciences in general.

"What is the theory of the operation of the divining rod?"

"Well, in the first movement of the rod there is evidently an attraction, and in the second movement, giving the depth, a repulsion. The attraction is destroyed or suspended by covering the end of the rod with a wet cloth, if it is attracted by water, or, if by a mineral, by holding the same kind in the hand or by binding it to the end of a rod. It can be analyzed into an attractive and repelling energy, and we must believe that those who are in sympathy with this energy possess a higher state of susceptibility and consciousness than is possessed by a large majority of the human family. What is discovered by the divining rod is one kind of energy, the person possessing the conscious power is the other form of energy, and the rod is the medium between the two; in other words, the sensitive person is but in sympathy with the subjective magnetism of the mineral through the medium of the rod."

"What is this sensitive organization or power of consciousness?"

"An intensely acute and susceptible development of the nervous system, and of the more delicate mental faculties. Very few persons have it naturally, though some may acquire it by means of meditation, solitude, religious exercise of the mind, and a determined will to do right. The great point is to fully harmonize the emotional faculties. This consciousness may exist in the male sex and also in the female. Even children have been known to have it. Religious and pious persons are more likely to have it and to acquire it by cultivation than others. But, however, there are very few persons who really are endowed with this consciousness."

"Does the devil have anything to do with this unseen agency?"

"No, indeed, not at all. There used to be an old superstition that the evil one had the power of granting the ability to use the rod. But that is all an error. It probably arose from the legends that he and his proselytes had all the mines and ore-beds, which were alleged to be in his kingdom. If he had anything to do with it, religious persons, you may be sure would not be susceptible."

"How long has this divining rod been known?"

"Modern history locates the first knowledge of it in the eleventh century, but in reality it was known long before that. It was known of in the Kabbalah, which, as is well known, is of very ancient date. However, the divining rod must not be confounded with the magic wand of the Kabbalah. The two are entirely different. The magic wand is used for controlling intelligences as a hand of authority. It controls this intelligence. Thus, I will intelligently desire. That desire never dies until it is fulfilled, or until it meets a counter desire. In willing this desire the wand is used, and is of vast power. The distinction between the divining rod and the wand is that the former controls energies or physical substances, while the latter rules over intelligences or spirits."

"What makes the best kind of rod?"

"The slender branches of the hazel tree, or, as it is sometimes called, the witch hazelwood. There is something singular about the hazelwood in its power of transmitting what we call subjective energy. It has this power more than any other wood. The oak is the next best, though in other countries, notably in Europe, the wood of the rowan tree is greatly used. The hazel tree surpasses all, however, just as certain metals are better than others as conductors of electricity, copper, for instance, being one of the best. So is the wood of the hazel tree the best to convey subjective energy."

"What notable instances are there in history of the use of the rod?"

"O, there are many ways. One that is often referred to is that of Jacques Aymar-Vernay, a Frenchman, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was widely known as a diviner and as one using the divining rod. He acquired a great reputation, but how far he was really able to use the rod I can not say. There is a story that he was a mason, but left his trade and became a great diviner, discovering many beds of ore and not a few streams of hidden water. Somewhere in his neighborhood there was a mysterious murder. The criminal could not be found, though the most diligent search was made in every section. At last the aid of this Aymar-Vernay was called in, and he went to work, and whether it is claimed that he used any means of divination I do not know. At any rate he found the murderer, who finally confessed. This whole affair provoked a great deal of discussion, and a great many short tracts or pamphlets were written about it at the time. Aymar-Vernay obtained a great deal of notoriety, and the story of his ability to use the divining rod has been recorded in French history as being unquestionably true."

"I know of instances myself of the successful use of the divining rod. I can give you one which occurred within the last two and a half years."

"Mr. Charles Latimer, who is a personal friend of mine, was in Philadelphia and chanced to be at my house."

"He is a person who has remarkably well developed the power of consciousness necessary to use the divining rod. So, without his knowledge, we concealed beneath the carpet in this very room a \$10 gold piece, and then, later on in the evening, we met in this room and asked him to find for us the metal. He took a divining rod in his hands and began walking over the floor. When about half way across the room the rod moved outward and downward. He stopped and said: 'Here is the metal, and I know it to be iron.' Well, this was not the place where we had hidden the gold, and, more than this, he had not named the right metal. So that it was not by any means the solution of the experiment that we were looking for. But suddenly the idea flashed upon my mind that true enough there was metal there and it was iron. He was right. He was standing over the steam-pipe of the heating apparatus in the cellar. So I at once told him that he was cor-

rect, but that there was more metal somewhere in the room. He then began the search once more, and in a short time the rod by its movement, showed him where the gold piece was, and he by his keen and delicate consciousness knew that it was gold."

"Mr. Latimer has also in many cases which have been made public discovered valuable beds of coal and iron. If there were more persons possessed of this sensitiveness, why there would be a far greater use of the rod in mining enterprises."

A Dinner with Washington.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses—meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory-nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out, so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called upon for a toast, which was drunk by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality. General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out, with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of Major General, traveled over the country and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington toasted and conversed all the while," and adds: "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's headquarters were on the Fishkill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view of making officers of them, should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of headquarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the State finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why are you not financierer? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron; "you remain financierer without finances? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties; and, not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden, of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and there they remained to this day.—J. T. Headley, in Harper's Magazine.

An Indian Funeral.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican thus described an Indian funeral in Montana: The subject was a sixteen-year-old nephew of Sitting Bull, who had been attending school for some time in the southern part of the Territory, and while there contracted a lung trouble, which proved fatal yesterday. We followed the procession, which consisted of four old women and two small boys, professional mourners. The corpse was most carefully wrapped, all his new winter clothes being wrapped about him, around which was a large piece of tent cloth, and the whole bound with ropes. It was drawn to the place of sepulture on a travois—poles made fast to the horse with one end trailing on the ground. The body, singular to state, lay with the feet toward the horse and head near the ground. The place of final deposit was made of poles ten feet high, on which was a scaffold of poles to receive the body. It was no little job for the four women to lift and deposit the body upon such an elevation, a task which they contrived to accomplish by making a temporary ladder. On this scaffold was already the body of the deceased's father, who had gone thither three weeks ago. After "burial" was completed the four women began their lamentations, wailing, digging the ground, chanting, etc. When they had partially subsided one of the old women, whose eyes were offensively rheumy, said she had been employed to do so much crying in the last few weeks that she had almost lost her sight. When these four women left four more came, and thus in relays they will keep up their lamentations for a long period; it often extends over several years. Not infrequently relatives of a deceased person held in specially high esteem, in order to manifest the sincerity of their grief, seriously mutilate themselves.

—Governor Butler says they used to speak better English in Massachusetts years ago than anywhere else on the globe, and the habit continued, until it was "debauched by the newspapers."

—Boston Post.

Fashion Items.

A brilliant shade of plum color and another of rich dark blue have quite taken the place of strawberry and terracotta in popularity.

Coffee-colored lace, brought into favor by the Princess of Wales, who wore it recently upon a dress of ivory-white satin, is seen upon the latest imported evening dresses of cream-white satin and pearl-white brocade.

Dresses of either silk or satin are growing beautifully less in numbers upon the promenade, and in their place are seen the more appropriate and sensible costumes of serge, cheviot, tweed, cashmere, and cloth—the tailor-made suits forming by far the leading styles. It is almost impossible to distinguish the new velveteen from real velvet, so silky is its surface and so soft and even its face. The dark colors of this material are very handsome, and they make both stylish and wear-defying walking-skirts, the new brand, it is claimed, being proof against rain spots, and warranted never to fade.

Very long gauntleted gloves of Suede and wash leather will be worn this autumn for driving, shopping, and with walking costumes. The handsomest are not of the lately fashionable pale yellow or tan shades, but come in dark green, bronze, olive, and other quiet colors, slightly stitched with pale gold silk, and having the gauntlets lined with the same delicate tint.

Dark velvet bodices, which are so fashionably worn just now over skirts of veiling, silk and other fabrics, may be much heightened in effect for dressy occasions by having the basque edge set in blocks falling over a lace ruffle set underneath. The trimmings of the sleeves and square neck are arranged to match. For evening wear the sleeves are sometimes of transparent silk, net or lace, gold lace being used where a gold-colored Spanish lace ruffle is set underneath the basque.

For little girls' wear at the seaside or in the country are sold pretty little Babet jackets, jackets of dark red velvet or cloth, braided with gold, to slip on over light dresses when the days are cool. There are also tiny shoulder capes of cardinal serge or cashmere, embroidered in narrow vine patterns in a deeper shade of silk, and lined to match. Wide satin ribbon strings fasten the capes, and en suite are coquettish little Moorish caps of cardinal, to be perched upon the head, a little back, to show the English bang falling over the forehead.

One of the features of dress trimmings this autumn is the cutting of the edges of skirts, tunics and polonaises into turrets, Vandykes and scallops—a fashion so popular last season in lighter fabrics. Tweed dresses are made in this manner with good success, the blocks or points being lined with silk, and turned back sometimes to show a bright kilting underneath. Some of the blocks are quite broad, and not only trim the foot of the skirt and tunic, but are set in full double rows around the edge of the long pointed bodice in regular Elizabethan style.—N. Y. Post.

Autumn Novelties.

The most pronounced novelty of the season is the Crusader cloth, a beautifully fine, but firm, warm fabric, woven in many colors into broche figures of a medieval character, shields, escutcheons, helmets, battle-axes, swords, daggers, coats of mail, crests and heraldic devices of all sorts. The Parisians are using these clothes for jackets, with a hauberk bodice and full puffed sleeves, or long, loose Crusader cloaks, with sleeves a la religieuse, or made up in the new Moliere coat, revived by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and called by her name. The dramatic artists will welcome this novelty with enthusiasm. The Gobelins of olden times, with their graceful designs in subdued colors on dark, quiet grounds, will be much worn by conservative women of the best taste and with sufficient means to gratify the same. The velvet berce sages and Ottomans, with scattered figures and blocks of velvet chenille on wool grounds, will also be favorites with this class of ladies. The new cheviot effects, woven in stripes and bars for one part of the costume and plain for the other, will take the place of the mixtures so admired last season and which are not brought out this season. Grecian cloth, a wool fabric, is another high novelty. It is a broche stuff, with Greek designs of a severely classic style, which will be appreciated by artists and theatrical people.

A new color that clamors for favor, both in dress goods and millinery, is known as "Judee," a deep purplish shade of crushed strawberry. New greens awaiting introductions are "Cresson," a water green made of green, and "Grenoville," a frog green. A number of brown shades will be revived under new names and the same may be said for yellow. A fire-red hue, to be launched on the public as soon as the weather is cool enough to admit of it, has been christened "Infernal."

All sorts of velvety materials will be popular for bonnets, during the latter part of the autumn season. Heavy velvets, plain and figured plushes and flowers in shaded velvet being among the garnitures that promise the greatest popularity, wall-flowers, dahlias, chrysanthemums and dark velvety red and orange colored nasturtiums taking the lead.—Philadelphia Times.

Little Miss Micklen's Adventure.

At dusk last evening a very little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, toddled through Twenty-fourth street and sat down on a stoop near the corner of Sixth avenue. Her little red hat rested on the back of her head and her cheeks were tear stained. She was scarcely three years old. She pressed to her breast a small white-and-black kitten which she had been carrying, and said:

"I've 'fraid we've lost, Pussie." By and by she began to cry, and a passing policeman finding that she had strayed from home brought her and her kitten to the Police Central Office, where she was placed in charge of Matron Webb. At nine o'clock an excited man ran into the Central Office and said his little daughter was lost. He was sent to the lost children's department, where he recognized his daughter. He said his name was Elias Micklen and that he lived at 354 Greenwich avenue. He had never seen the kitten before.—N. Y. Sun.

Stories About a Horse.

"Thur he stands ez innocent-lookin' and chipper ez er yearlin', eolt, an' no un w'd b'lieve that hoss wuz twenty-six y'ar old. Yaas I've owned him sence he wor er eolt, an' I've teached him everything that he knows 'cept his meanness. He comed n'at'ral by that, pardner—hit was borned in him."

Old Zeke, of Texas, is a veritable frontier patriarch. His horse is a large blood-bay animal, who has a wicked fashion of showing the whites of his eyes and laying back his thin ears.

"He looks so much like one uv them thur Mexican lions," explained the old hunter, "that I named him Congar." He had often spoken to me of this famous animal, and one day—I shall never forget the circumstance—I made Congar's acquaintance. I was on my way through a corral when a screaming neigh, the sound of quickly falling hoofs and a warning cry caused me to turn my head. A blood-bay horse, with proudly arched neck, flowing mane and tail, and head erect, was coming toward me at a quick gallop. His thin ears were laid back close to his head and his red tongue hung from his mouth between two rows of vicious-looking teeth. I turned and faced the rapidly advancing animal. The nearer he came the more dangerous he looked, and I was unarmed. I would have run toward the row of stalls on the north side of the corral for shelter, but they were too far away. I could hear the clasp of his teeth and the sound made cold chills run down my vertebral column. Fire seemed to flash from his eyes and great flecks of foam dropped from his open mouth. When he was in ten feet of me he reared, evidently intending to crush me beneath his forefeet. I shuddered—most any man would have done so under the circumstances—and braced myself for a spring. The anticipated shock did not come however. I heard the sternly spoken caution "Hyar!" in the well-known voice of One-eyed Zeke, and the horse, but recently so full of vicious fire, halted, pricked up his ears and stood meekly in front of me, with such an expression of innocent wonder on his face that I burst out laughing. He did not like this and laid back his ears again.

"Hyar, yerascal!" shouted his master. "None uv that."

He walked up to where I was standing and placed his hand on my shoulder. "This hyar's a pardner uv mine, Congar," he said. "Shake!"

Congar who had inclined his head gravely, as though listening to his master's words, lifted one of his fore feet and extended it toward me in a very friendly manner. I grabbed the outstretched limb, and since that time Congar and I have been very good friends, although I never cared to presume on our acquaintance by any undue familiarity.

In 1874 a party of soldiers who were being guided by Zeke followed an Indian trail which extended across El Llano del Marie, which is an arid, sandy, alkali desert. It is about one hundred miles wide and there is very little water on it. The soldiers had reached the middle of the desert when they were overtaken by a terrible sandstorm, which lasted about twelve hours. Many of the men and horses were suffocated by the sand. The packs and water-sacks were blown away and those of the horses that were not killed stampeded. Old Zeke was badly bruised, and the alkali dust entering his throat had so swollen it that he could hardly speak. The soldiers were lying about suffering from the same difficulty, and Zeke knew that unless they could reach water they would all perish.

When he came to his senses Congar was standing near him, and he called the animal to his side. With great difficulty he managed to clamber into the saddle. "Water!" he whispered hoarsely into the horse's ear.

Congar threw up his head, sniffed the air for a moment, and then started off at a gallop. He made straight for a water hole, about three miles distant, and when he reached there Zeke was enabled to allay his burning thirst. He filled his canteen with water and started Congar back with it to the suffering soldiers. He made the journey swiftly, and when he returned his saddle was loaded down with canteens. Zeke filled these and started the horse back again. He made several trips, and when everybody had been supplied the missing horses and pack animals were turned up and the outfit turned back toward the post. When they reached there, and the story of Congar's sagacity became known, they made a hero of the horse. The officers drunk his health, their wives and daughters made him a blanket, the soldiers whose lives he had saved contributed money enough to buy him a costly saddle and bridle, and the commander of the scouting party had a gold medal struck on which is engraved an account of the affair. "Yaas," said Zeke, when he finished this story, "Congar ez tolerbul keen an' he ez more sense than half the humans what I meets; but he's no angel, ez the man what fools around his head or heels kin testify to."—Philadelphia Times.

An Electric Gun.

Colonel Fosbery created a sensation at a lecture he recently gave to an assembly of officers, small-arm inventors and other experts at the Royal United Service Institute by suddenly drawing from its place of hiding, under the table, a wonderful new gun, which he had just brought from Liege. He called it a "baby electric gun." It looked like a pretty carbine, but it had no mechanism and could not possibly go off until connected up to the source of electric force. This done, it could be fired with amazing rapidity, 104 rounds having a few days before been fired from it by its inventor, M. Pieper, of Liege, in two minutes. Colonel Fosbery fired two rounds with infinitesimal powder charges. He had prepared himself by securing under his vest a small circuit of wire and putting on a banderole, supporting what looked like a two accumulator, with sufficient stored up energy to discharge 2,000 rounds. The cartridges were innocent looking mites and contained no detonating substances, nothing in fact but simple powder and a wad. The opinion was expressed by various speakers that the electric gun must once more revolutionize the manufacture of small arms within a brief period.—Electrical Journal.

He Wouldn't Have It.

A squat little man, very corpulent, very stiff-necked, and very much out of sorts halted a policeman at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street yesterday and said:

"Hs, sir! but what kind of a city is this, sir? Ha! (blowing his nose) it strikes me that you're a queer set."

"Anything wrong?"

"Ha! sir! yes (blow), sir! I came from — with the excursion. I had scarcely put foot on the street when a boy called me a caravan, sir! Ha! (blow) a caravan!"

"He shouldn't have done it."

"And a stranger slapped me on the back and yelled hello, pard! in my ear! Yes, sir, (blow) he did, sir—in my ear, sir!"

"That was wrong."

"And a boot-black, sir (blow), had the impudence to call my feet freight cars, and to ask me what line I run on! Yes (blow), sir—what line I run on! Ha! sir."

"He deserved arrest."

"Ha! he (blow) did, sir. I want the people of Detroit to understand that I'm worth \$14,000, sir, mostly in cash—mostly in cash, sir."

"Yes."

"And I've been a Justice of the Peace for twenty-two years, sir! Ha! (blow) sir."

"Yes, sir. (A long blow.) And when one of your villains calls out to shoot this hat, sir, I want him to understand that I'm also postmaster."

"You are!"

"Yes, sir, and when any one sneers at my clothes, sir, let him remember that I've run for the Legislature—the Legislature, sir! Ha! (blow)—and was almost elected! I won't have this undue familiarity, sir! Why, no man in my town would dare to call me pard, let alone slapping me on the back! Why, sir (blow), why—but I want this stopped!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I won't put up with it!"

"I am, sir."

"I am entitled to respect, sir! Yes (blow), I ha! ha! am, sir!"

"Yes, sir."

He walked up Jefferson avenue, but had not gone a block when a truckman, who was tossing watermelons to a man on the walk, made a miss, but hit the \$14,000 man in the back with a twenty-pounder, and cried out:

"Look out, Shorty, or you'll be counted in and sold for a quarter."—Detroit Free Press.

Appearance of a Tornado.

As the tornado sweeps onward in its course, it rises and falls with a series of bounds, and, with a swaying motion, describes a zigzag course, now forming a chain of loops, and again shooting off on an obtuse angle, varying in the speed of its forward motion, which may be anywhere from ten to thirty miles an hour. At the same time it is rapidly whirling on its axis in the opposite direction from a screw, or the hands of a clock, the air revolving around the vortex necessarily attaining a speed of several hundred miles an hour. First widening, then contracting, now bounding above the tree-tops, and again descending to sweep the earth bare of every object within its reach, the aerial monster surges onward. The largest forest-trees, more playthings in its grasp, are plucked up by the roots, or snapped off like pipe-stems; substantial buildings are first crushed like egg-shells, then caught up in the vortex and the debris carried sometimes for miles, before it is again thrown off by centrifugal force, and falls by gravitation, anywhere, everywhere, as soon as released from the monster's grasp.

It is difficult to accurately describe the tornado's appearance and work, even for those who have been eye-witnesses, or who have personally passed through the horrors its coming brings. While accounts differ as to its appearance and behavior, as witnessed from different points of observation, and under different circumstances, all substantially agree that it is cone-shaped, its motion rotary, that its apex resembles fire and smoke, and that vivid lightning and heavy rain-fall usually accompany it. In rare instances, electricity, in the form of St. Elmo's fire, will precede the vortex, and a white, steamy cloud will follow. It will be observed that the form of a tornado-cloud is nicely illustrated by the "proof-plane" used in teaching natural philosophy. The small end of the plane is most heavily charged with electricity, and the nearer it approaches to a perfect point, the greater will be the accumulation; a high tension is caused, and the electricity must escape by some conductor. So, in the tornado-cloud, the smaller the point or stem the greater the force exerted when it meets the earth.—George C. Smith, in Popular Science Monthly.

Farragut Conquering Himself.

Farragut's own story of his self-conquest is exceedingly interesting. "When I was about ten years old," he says, "when I accompanied my father as cabin boy to New Orleans with the little navy we then had to look after the treason of Aaron Burr, I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old sailor. I could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had sailed round Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and buffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land.' 'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do.' 'No, David, my boy; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles and habits as you have. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.' My father left me there. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! I was stunned by the rebuke. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! I was stunned by the rebuke, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath. I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble; and, as God is my witness, I have kept those three resolutions to this hour."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—R. J. Burdett, the "youmerist," rides a bicycle for recreation.

—Palatka, Fla., has a family of sixteen brothers and not one of them less than six feet in height.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—It is now quite common to give a child the surname of its mother. This is a good way to preserve two family names.—N. Y. Graphic.

—The State of Texas elects a Governor every fourth year, and only four former incumbents of the office are now living. Messrs. Throckmorton, Hubbard, Coke and Roberts.

—Rev. W. Cowl, who left a Methodist pulpit near Pittsburgh to accept a call to the Third Unitarian Church, corner Monroe and Laflin streets, Chicago, has been received again into the Pittsburgh Conference.—Pittsburgh Post.

—The daughter of Bayard Taylor has until recently been supporting herself as a governess in New York. She and her mother declined a purse of \$30,000, raised by New York ladies on learning that Bayard Taylor died poor.—N. Y. Sun.

—Hugh Birley, M. P., of Manchester, Eng., whose death is announced, was the son of a cotton spinner, and always had a warm heart for his work people. During the cotton famine he even sold his carriage that he might be able to give greater assistance to the poor.

—The late Judge Black, writes a correspondent, had his right arm broken in eleven pieces by a railroad accident in 1868, and it never afterwards was of much use to him. He learned to write with his left hand after he was sixty years of age.—Chicago Tribune.

—Miss Catherine Wolf has built a "cottage" at Newport at a cost of \$500,000, and has had \$150,000 worth of furniture carted in to make it comfortable for a couple of months during the summer. Miss Wolf is mistress of her own heart and a fortune of several millions—therefore, a monopolist. Where is the young man to destroy this monopoly.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—The venerable Charles R. Thorne, father of the late "leading man" in the Union Square Theater, New York, of Edwin Thorne and of Mrs. Emily Chamberlain, was married last week in San Francisco to the widow of the late James Stark, the tragedian. Mr. Thorne is the hero of a romantic life. He has been on the stage over sixty years, and in his time "played many parts."—N. Y. Times.

—The younger son of Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, is at work as a repairer and lineman for the Pittsfield Telephone company. He has spent a year in the factory, and is now learning all the practical working of a telephone exchange, fitting himself for a responsible position in the eastern part of the State. To don old clothes and visit residences where in full dress he has attended evening parties, requires a kind of nerve which ought to make a successful telephone man.—Boston Journal.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

Is a fat and awkward billiard player is a cue-umbersome specimen.—Cincinnati Traveler.

—"Good bye" in the telephone reminds one of autumn; it is the yell o' leave.—Boston Bulletin.

—"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Tawmus. "Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting!"—Boston Post.

—A horse balked with a man in Buffalo the other day, and he sat there in his buggy for nine hours before the animal moved on. He was a house painter, working by the day, and would have put in another hour if necessary.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Can't understand this at all," said young Hyson; "can't understand it at all." "Well, tell it," said his partner. "Why, a whale goes down below, doesn't it?" "Oh, yes." "And this magazine says it comes up to blow, too. Now that's nonsense." But nobody would listen to him.—Oil City Derrick.

—Idiocy of the weather topic: "Well, how do you like this weather?" inquired old man Barnstable of Mrs. McBaker, who always looks on the dark side of things. "Don't like it at all," snapped that amiable virago. "Ah, don't, eh?" mildly replied old Barnstable, "or—how do you think you would like it if it suited you?"—Texas Siftings.

—Mamie, having been helped twice to everything on the table, slid down, when the coffee came in, from her chair with a sigh. "There, now," said her mamma, "I suppose you have eaten so much that you feel uncomfortable." "Don't!" replied Mamie quickly, with a toss of her little head. "I just feel nice and smooth."—Chicago Tribune.

—"What did you get out of that case?" asked the old lawyer. "I got my client out of it," replied the young one. "And what did he get out of it?" "Satisfaction, I reckon. I didn't leave anything else for him to get." "Young man," said the senior, proudly, "you'll never be a Judge. There is not enough money on the bench for you."—Chicago.

—The wrong girl—
Girl in hammock
Reading book
Catches man
By hook or crook.
Girl in kitchen
Scrubbing pan
Cannot gobble
Any man.
Ten years later,
Head in whirl,
Wished he'd taken
Kitchen girl.
—Oil City Blizzara.

—"Good morning, Farmer Furrow," said the old deacon, as he leaned over the fence to have a friendly chat. "Mornin' deacon," nodded the farmer. "How is that sick pig this mornin'?" "O, that's gittin' along right smart, I reckon," cheerfully replied the granger. "And how is the rest of your folks?" continued the deacon. The farmer said nothing, but reached down, picked up an overripe melon and fired it right at the deacon's head. "There!" he exclaimed; "by the time yer git them 'ere seeds out of yer 'ar you'll find out how my folks is."—N. Y. Dairy.

—It is predicted that Washington will be gayer than ever the coming winter. The session of Congress is the long one.—Chicago Journal.

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Hoadley's Majority 12,000.

The Legislature Democratic by a Good Majority.

The Democracy scored another big victory in Ohio Tuesday, and carried things by storm as if by a forlorn hope. Several weeks ago, when the discussions were sprung in the ranks by the Cincinnati papers, things commenced to look gloomy, and as spectators from this side of the river, nothing but sure defeat stared us in the face. But all has been turned into joy and sunshine, by victory being perched on the banner of the glorious old party. This makes the sixth victory of the party in that State since the organization of the Republican party less than twenty-five years ago.

The latest authentic advice from Columbus (the headquarters of the Democratic Executive Committee) assures the election of Hon. Geo. B. Hoadley, the Democratic nominee, Governor of the State, by at least 12,000 majority, but the chances are close on the Lieutenant Governor and others of the State ticket.

It is certain that the Lower House will have a majority of 10 or 12. On the joint ballot for Senator the Democrats are sure of between twenty and thirty, and a contest is inevitable between Pendleton and the field, consisting of such Statesmen as Thurman, Geddes, Converse, Bookwalter and Payne.

Seventy counties thus far heard from, place Hoadley's majority at 15,000, but estimates on other counties will probably reduce these figures a little.

The regular Democratic ticket in Hamilton County has been elected, with the exception of two or three perhaps, by a good majority.

VIRGINIA is beginning to make flour of peanuts, of which she raises 2,000,000 bushels this year. Peanuts, so called in the Old Dominion, were introduced from Africa, and are known in North Carolina as ground-peas, in Tennessee as goobers, and in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi as pinders.

The Bishop of Kentucky, Dr. Benjamin Bosworth Smith, now over 90 years of age, will be unequal to the discharge of his duties as Presiding Bishop at the coming Triennial Convention of the American Episcopal Church, and the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, Bishop of Delaware, next in seniority, will serve in his place.

A question that troubles the Republican managers is how to obtain money from office holders without incurring the penalties prescribed for an infraction of the Civil Service act. It is safe to say the long-headed politicians will devise some scheme whereby the spirit of the law will be violated without fracturing the letter.

The widow of "Stonewall" Jackson denies being the guest of Gov. Ben Butler while on a recent visit to Boston, but says of her visit:

"While in Boston we were entertained at a hotel, and did not cross the threshold of Gen. Butler. Justice, however, compels me to say that he was wanting in no courtesy to the guests of his State. The people at Boston, and at every point we visited in the North, certainly gave evidence that my husband's name was held in such honor and reverence that my heart could not but be touched with tender and graceful emotion."

MILLERSBURG.

No fight about onions this week. Nick Worthington is still very low. The marshal caged a couple of Carlisle coons for gambling to-day.

Charlie Becraft reports more rabbits this fall than he ever saw in his life.

R. W. and J. T. McClelland and other horse men are attending the Germantown fair.

The villain was also on the war-path the other day and wanted to puncture a victim.

A slight ripple upon the even current of the public school some days since—two less pupils, etc.

Miss Sallie McIntyre is still too sick to teach, and Mrs. G. W. Smith is wielding the birch for her.

The arrival of a train at this point from Cincinnati due here at 6:40 p. m., is as uncertain as a white man.

Laban Becraft has returned from Illinois, and reports his father much better from his recent severe illness.

The brass bound valise is going around with one arm, in a sling trying to straighten out that peculiar business.

The remains of Forman Worthington were sent to Minerva, Mason county, Wednesday evening, for burial.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, of the Methodist church, has moved into the residence lately vacated by R. B. Boulden.

The store man was largely in demand last week, but now, Oh, my! where is my straw hat and 4th of July fixtures?

Harvey Letton sold his fat hogs last week at \$4.00, and his son Henry sold at \$4.50. The home butchers bought them.

Misses Katie Purnell, Mollie Knight, Alice Wadell, Maud Smedley and others are attending the Louisville Exposition.

About ten minutes work on the park fence will be only required. 'Twill be finished in the sweet spring time gentle—

Laban Becraft sold to Jas. Ford, 95 fat sheep, weighing 170 pounds, at a nickel per pound. They were sold a month ago, and delivered Wednesday.

Over a hundred pupils eligible to attend the public school, and no school-house. Of course the money is paid to the over-worked teacher as required by law.

Our new marshal is around considerably, but although the boys say he summoned half the town, he failed to bag the naughty ones who blew up the town with a petard.

A slight change in the time of running the train caused several of the sisters who lingered too long for the last kiss and the very last word of gossip to be left only 2 or 3 minutes late.

The farm of F. A. Jones sold Wednesday, to Wm. Carpenter, at \$64.85 per acre; hogs sold at \$4.32 per cwt.; corn, \$1.30 per shock; sheep \$3.75; calves \$5 to \$15; horses \$25 to \$75.

Police Judge John A. Miller, tried a case a few nights since, and never stopped cutting meat—swore in the witness, tried the case, and made the plaintiff pay costs, he failing to establish a case.

Wm. Becraft, formerly of this precinct, but now in Illinois, while sitting on a goods box in Champaign City, got his shoulder broke by some fellow kicking a flower pot out of an up-stairs widow on him.

Sam A. James has moved into the Abbott property. He is prepared to furnish the best of every thing in his line including fresh beef and pork &c. Call before he understands weighing his hand.

Dan Bowden, Lewis Ishmael and Tom Jones all had calves to die very suddenly and mysteriously. They take sick and die in twelve hours. A post-mortem examination revealed clotting blood about the neck and shoulders. Six hogs died in a few hours after eating the carcass of the calves.

We have found one person who says he is a correspondent of the News. Can't say whether he is "B'r'er Bar" or "B'r'er Wolfe" or both. He says he is the villain of the play who gathers up the scandals, fights, &c. Long may he wave, for the delectation of those who think the sheet not fit to come in their house (when they have to pay two dollars for it) but try to borrow it before the subscribers have read it, and failing in that, desire it to be saved, as they promised to send it to a friend who wishes to see what is said this week about that

"B'RER WOLFE."

DAKOTA Indians who are denied the privilege of buying whisky, consume all the vanilla and lemon extracts they can buy at the grocery stores.

FOLLOWING the example of Mary Anderson, Susan B. Anthony has refused to be introduced to the Prince of Wales. Wonder what old girl will kick next!

MAHONE should be credited with a certain degree of smartness. He has too much sense to want to fight a duel when there are so many fools in Virginia who are willing to engage in that pastime.

Our country has no national flower, as other countries claim. France has her lily, England her rose, Scotland her thistle and Ireland her shamrock. Why do we not adopt the tallest, brightest and bravest among flowers, the sunflower, as our country lies nearest the setting sun?

"Women's Health Journal"

Contains valuable information on the diseases of women only. Published by LADY PHYSICIANS who have made these peculiar weaknesses of the sex their sole study for years. It gives the causes, symptoms, and a sure home treatment for Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Inflammation and Ulceration of the womb and all displacements, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Irregular, suppressed or painful Menstruation, Flooding, Sick and Nervous Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Weakness in Back and Stomach, Scrofula, Pains in Side, Dizziness, Kidney Complaint, Barrenness, Nervous Prostration, Depression of Spirits, General Debility of Women and change of life. Sent on receipt of six cents in stamps. Address, Dr. Rush's Medical Association, Nunda, New York.

BOARDERS WANTED

FOUR or five young men can be accommodated with good rooms and boarding, on day board. For particulars enquire at this office.

pet12-2t

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—
VALUABLE LAND.

On SATURDAY, October 20th,

I will sell at the Court House door in Paris, at 2 o'clock p. m., my farm situated on the Paris & Kiser's Station turnpike, 5 1/2 miles from Paris, adjoining the land of George White, Henry Isgrigg and David Hume. There are sixty-five acres in the tract, all under cultivation, and is No. 1 tobacco land. The land is under good plank fence, well watered, and is a very desirable piece of property.

TERMS—Five hundred dollars to be paid cash in hand, and notes for one and two years at 8 per cent. on the deferred payments.

LEONIDAS LEAVELL.

ART CLASS.

MRS. MILLER'S class, just organized, will meet in Miss Tipton's school-room every Saturday from 9 till 4 o'clock, when drawing, painting in oil and on china and wood-carving will be thoroughly taught. A course in drawing or a previous knowledge of it obligatory before painting or wood-carving. Pupils received only by the session.

oct12-2t

GRINDING.

While Bro. Shaw is torn down, I will grind corn on Wednesdays and Saturdays for customers.

J. M. THOMAS.

Butterick Patterns.

A complete stock of the Butterick Patterns just received by us. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for catalogue—free.

FOSTER, MOORE & CO.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF A—
VALUABLE FARM.

As agent for the Wilnot heirs, I will sell at public sale, on

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8th,

on the premises near Hutchison's Station, half way between Paris and Lexington, on the K. C. Railroad, with the branch of the Bethlehem and Hopewell turnpike running in front of the door, the farm of

165 ACRES OF LAND,

which is perhaps as good land as there is in the county or bluegrass region. The farm contains a good brick residence in good repair, good water, orchard, ice-house, barn and all necessary improvements.

Sale at 12:30 p. m., which will give ample time to attend the sale on the trains and return on them to either Paris or Lexington.

Terms liberal, and made known on day of sale.

J. SMITH KENNEY, Agent.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—
HANDSOME and VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY.

I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, October 13th, '83, at 2 o'clock, p. m., the house and lot situated on the George street, in the city of Paris, formerly the property of John W. Holliday.

For particulars inquire of

J. H. DANIELS, or J. B. NORTHCOFF.

A. T. FORSYTH, Auctioneer.

NEW MILLINERY SHOP

MRS. DR. J. B. SMITH, Millersburg, Ky., has received a fine line of new millinery goods and will constantly add all new features of the business as the season advances. Her goods are new, pretty and varied. Prices reasonable.

Mrs. Katie Daviss presides as trimmer, and perfect satisfaction will be guaranteed. Call early and often.

oct12-2t

FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

I desire to sell at private sale, my residence at Shawhan's, Bourbon county, (lately the property of Richard Rife), and my lot where the store recently burned from. The residence is an elegant frame cottage of the latest improved plan and is in No. 1 repair; good water and a well watered.

The store lot has a good foundation on which to build, and is a splendid stand for a country store. It is worth \$2,000 worth of goods at the stand in eleven months. For full particulars, address the undersigned.

A. M. KELLER, Shawhan, Ky.

Public Renting

—OF—
Bourbon Fair Grounds.

On SATURDAY, Oct. 13th, 1883,

we will, at the Court-house door, in Paris, rent to the highest bidder, the grounds of the Bourbon County Agricultural Society, from that day until January 1st, '85.

The grounds are new, well watered, with a box stable each, good trotting track, plenty of water, plenty of good grass.

Terms given on day of renting, or before, on application to the undersigned committee.

J. H. HINTON, E. F. CLAY.

HEART DISEASE

CURED BY

Dr. Rush's Regulator,

FOR HEART TROUBLES.

Wm. G. Osgoodby, the well-known safe manufacturer of Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Newark and Atlanta, Ga., says:

Office of Osgoodby's Improved Safes, 17 S. Broad street, ATLANTA, GA., October 17th, 1881.

Dr. Rush's Medical Association:

Dear Doctors:—The three bottles of "Dr. Rush's Regulator" I ordered were received by express last week. I have taken nearly one bottle and am thoroughly satisfied with the result. For over two years I have been troubled with sharp pain at my heart. My physician, upon examination, pronounced it enlargement of the heart, and was unable to give me any relief. The trouble grew worse until I had become convinced that I could not be cured. While in New York City, last week, I called upon one of the most prominent physicians there, who charged me \$25 for an examination and then recommended your "Regulator." Knowing you to be a regular Medical Association, and not a patent medicine scheme, I ordered the three bottles. I have not been troubled since I commenced taking it, but shall continue and take the entire three bottles so as to obtain a permanent cure. You have my sincere thanks. I am, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Wm. G. OSGOODBY.

Dr. Rush's "Regulator"

has never failed to give relief. It has been used successfully for years in exciting the most stubborn cases of heart difficulties. A positive cure for Enlargement, Palpitation, Fluttering and Fatty Degeneration of the heart, Pains in the chest, and all the ailments of the heart, sold by druggists, or sent direct by Dr. RUSH'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Nunda, N. Y., U. S. A.

'KIMMY' KIMBROUGH, JAS. S. HUFF

KIMBROUGH HOVSE,

CARLISLE, KY.

KIMBROUGH & HUFF, Prop'rs.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms on first floor for commercial men. Baggage transferred to and from the depot free of charge.

H. E. BOSWELL. W. H. BOSWELL.

ASHLAND HOUSE,

LEXINGTON, KY.

H. E. BOSWELL & SON, Prop'rs.

Centrally located, on Short street, near the Post-office. Rates, \$2 per day.

PARIS PLANING MILLS.

GEO. B. MINTER, - - MANAGER.

SOLICIT orders for Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding, Brackets, Finish Timber and Prepared carpentry. Will not contract the erection of houses.

Orders for lumber or mill-work may be sent per telephone from Overby & Co.'s office at Bank Row. J. M. THOMAS, Proprietor.

POOR-HOUSE KEEPER WANTED!

NOTICE is hereby given that bids will be received by the undersigned Committee up till the 15th day of October, 1883, for keeper of the Bourbon County Poor-House for the year beginning March 1, 1884 and ending March 1, 1885. All bids will be sent to the committee in care of Judge Turney, at Paris, Ky., and must be accompanied by satisfactory reference as to character and fitness.

JAMES N. STONE, J. M. BARLOW, N. A. JAMESON, } Com.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

HAVING DETERMINED TO MIGRATE to Texas, I will offer at private sale, the BOURBON HOUSE, the principal hotel property of Paris. The house is large, roomy and located in the old and business portion of the city, and has a fine paying trade. Will sell the house and fixtures at a bargain. For full particulars, call on address HENRY TURNER, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL.

HAVING severed my connection with Prof. Sanders' school, I will hereafter give my undivided attention to my private pupils. To those desiring my professional services, I pledge my utmost exertions for the advancement of those entrusted to my care.

A. M. GUTZELT.

Jno. T. HINTON, UNDERTAKER

—AND—
Furniture Dealer.

A full line of furniture, coffins, burial suits, carpets, bracket pictures, window hangings, &c., constantly on hand, and will be sold to compete with Cincinnati prices.

oct12-2t

Tired of Booming Backwards

And have determined to build one of the best Roller Mills in the United States (capacity 150 barrels), with all the recent improvements in the art of milling. I have in past 12 months visited some of the very first class mills in the country and been corresponding with some of the first class millwrights in the United States, and after thoroughly posting myself and with God's blessing and never tiring energy hope to boom ahead in the milling business my long past experience in milling and other various kinds of machinery. I think warrants me in saying no mill shall surpass the one I am making. The mill is made in America (mill will likely be stopped from two months to 10 weeks, in the meantime I will have on hand and supply the mill with the very first class millstones. I will supply my customers as usual. (No use looking elsewhere we will furnish you.) Will exchange mill products for wheat and corn.

Ever Kindly and Respectfully Yours, Wm. SHAW.

Paris Mills, Sep. 28th, 1883.

SCHOLARS WANTED

—IN—
MUSIC AND PAINTING.

MRS. MILLIE N. LONG, Paris, Ky., respectfully solicits orders for Crayon Portraits, which she is now making a specialty of, and is rendering entire satisfaction. Also, will teach a limited number of scholars in Crayon and Oil Painting, and in Music. Residence on Main Cross street, near Freight depot.

14sep-1m

ANTHRACITE COAL.

JUST received a car of fresh mined Anthracite coal, for sale at a lower price than usual.

2sep-8t W. F. SPEARS.

R. M. KENNEY, SURVEYOR,

PARIS, KY.

Will attend to all calls in his line, in Bourbon and surrounding counties, with promptness. Charges Reasonable.

tf

J. L. TAYLOR & CO.,

THE CLOTHIERS.

LARGEST STOCK!

LOWEST PRICES!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Hats, Furnishing Goods and Trunks a Specialty.

NO TIME TO LOSE!

I HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE IN WAITING on my customers to write an advertisement for this sparkling little paper, but will hurriedly say that I have just returned from New York, and that

NEW GOODS

are tumbling in on me from EVERY TRAIN. All that I can say now, is to COME—yes, come NOW and lose no time yourself in securing pick and choice from my large and varied selection of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.

A. NEWHOFF, PARIS, KY.

AT COST!

We intend to close out our entire stock of **BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS**

Within ninety days. If you desire the greatest bargain of your life, call and examine our goods and prices. WE MEAN BUSINESS. COME AND SEE US.

McCLURE & INGELS.

THIS WEEK

We desire to state to the public that we keep in stock a full supply of the celebrated "ALLIGATOR" coal and wood cook stoves. The Alligator has held a prominent place in this market for more than twenty years and can be found in use in every section of the country. We are ready to offer a premium for a single instance where it has not given the very best satisfaction. We are now receiving a complete stock of all kinds of heating stoves for parlors, stores and halls, including the best base burner for hard and soft coal made. We also keep in stock a good clean supply of all goods usually found in a first-class Store and Tin Store, among which may be found the celebrated PURIFYING PUMP, and the equally celebrated MONITOR COAL OIL STOVES, &c., &c.

For executing first-class job work in Tin, Copper and Sheet iron, we flatter ourselves that we need no further mention.

Please call and examine our stock, and you will verify our statements.

MILLIGAN & PERRY.

WILLS' WORLD WORM CANDY,

The most delightful worm remedy on the market. Old reliable medicine put in nicely flavored sticks of candy, that children take with pleasure. Sold by all drug and country stores. Ask for it and save it a trial. Warranted pure.

JAMES K. DAVIS. GARRETT DAVIS

DAVIS & DAVIS,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

(TWO DOORS ABOVE THE POST-OFFICE.)

Are now daily receiving importations of a very elegant line of Fall Cassimeres, Dude Cloths, Cheviots, &c., all of which are of the newest and nobbiest styles.

Having never made a misfit in all of our past Spring and Summer trade, we need not fear guaranteeing entire satisfaction on that score.

Call and see us; we'll not only suit exactly in an outfit, but we'll save you money.